obstructed image:  
covering up female empowerment  
by mikaelawaters

The week prior to spring break, I stumbled into one of the women's bathroom rooms in the Davis Center and onto a curious scene: the mirrors all covered up with large sheets of paper. Across the paper, a purple, cursive-y font displayed slogans about body image and how 'you'; the pissed off person just trying to look in the mirror, did not need affirmation from a piece of reflective glass. The papers reassured viewers that you were "more than just a number on a scale," that "hotness comes in all shapes and sizes" and to "be careful how you talk to yourself because you are listening." While I recognized the good intent behind the campaign, having the mirror covered when I was trying to fix my hair and check for pesky afternoon mascara smudges was just plain inconvenient and annoying. Furthermore, I resented what felt like the blaring practice of removing all sense of femininity from feminism. In my opinion, these campaigns teach a woman taking pride in her appearance or using it to her advantage is fundamentally wrong. The questions that I pose are: 1) How does a woman debase herself and other women by taking care of her appearance? 2) Are there healthy ways to both look good AND feel empowered as a woman? (If you answered "yes" to the second question, that might necessitate a mirror...).

The focus of educating young women should not be to abstain, reject or refrain from one's femininity and appearance, but to project one's fierce, powerful, smart and independent self out to the world. Be that with makeup, tight, killer jeans, or an all-natural look, how a girl chooses to display her power and independence should, in fact, be her choice. Attention to physical appearance doesn't debase a woman or immediately make her a weak pawn in a male dominated society. By 'owning it' and 'workin' what yo mamma gave you', a woman can say to the world, "I am damn fabulous, I ace college, I can rock a career. I can make men (or women!) weak at the knees, and I can do it all in heels". Empowerment comes from confidence and strength in who you are, mentally, intellectually, and physically.

Glamour magazine addresses this subject in their March 2014 issue stating, "Real, empowered, self-possessed women are sexy. When you're really in control of your choices, your mood, your body, and your opinions, people find you sexy" (115). Though an argument could be made that Glamour is superficial and contributes to issues of self esteem and body image, I believe this specific quote perfectly relays my argument and accommodates many feminist ideals like: control, choice, positive body image, and the importance of a woman's opinion. These are the things that should be taught to young women; empowerment happens when one freely and individually chooses how to represent oneself.

I am confident that the mirror-covering campaign did not intend to disempower mirror viewers, but an action's intention does not always coincide with its reception.

... read the rest on page 7

between two hard places:  
obama's comedic comeback  
by alexgriffin

The whole "lame duck" presidency thing is a bit of a rough ride, like someone in a pharmacy line to refill a Viagra script, you're pretty much defined by your impotence. As such, American presidents have become increasingly concerned with the problem of their legacy. This isn't just in terms of pardoning babykilling prisoners—they want to make sure the media doesn't leave a lasting print on the nation, that they've shaped the American psyche into their own image, the way that Dubya might not necessarily lean back and wear an easy grin watching an episode of Duck Dynasty.

How your second term legacy pans out eventually comes down to how you carry out to the end the promises you opened with. Clinton had vaguely promised he wasn't merely a venal, sexy dude, yet his second term saw the country trying to figure out the semantics of how sexual intercourse could actually be defined. Nixon came to power pretty much by saying he wasn't Satan, but his legacy came down entirely to him trying to prove that wrong. Comparatively, Reagan's whole Iran-Contra shitshow barely left him a mark, but then again everyone already knew from the start he was an imperialist bullyboy so the whole thing was a bit quelle surprise.

Though Barack won't technically be a lame duck for another two and a half years, the space between now and Vermin Supreme's inevitable sweep to victory in November '16 looks pretty grim. The obdurate Republican House has made it almost impossible to introduce new legislation, and the occasional bungles in the Obamacare rollout has made the jewel in the Obama crown seem like an expensive homepage glitch. Overall, Obama Reloaded has become a pretty disappointing logjam for anyone even vaguely hoppy-changey.

Yet, considering that Obama's primary political skill is the transformation of young enthusiasm into action and the pretty wild success of his other meme-worthy appearances (slow jam the news is a bit quelle surprise), appearing on Zach Galifianakis' online talk show, Between Two Ferns to promote the ACA is the kind of solution so supremely logical that absolutely no one would have thought of it. The video's 13 million shares (and counting) as well as the almost immediate 40%... read the rest on page 3
Dear Readers,

Since we aim to be as reliable as UVM’s ne’er a snow day (we were SO CLOSE, UGH) policy, we’ve whipped together yet another issue of the week’s hottest news. While we do love what our staffers put together week after week, we’re always ready to welcome new voices to the group. If there’s anything you’d like to get off your chest, send us a letter or article and we will publish it. C’mon, you know you want your 15 seconds of fame, kid-dos. We’ll be eagerly awaiting to publish you until next Tuesday!

With Love,
The Eds

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week’s issue to thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Dear Readers,

“Invite all to join us to celebrate this historic event, but we must maintain our guidelines to ensure the enjoyment and public safety of our spectators.”

- The South Boston Allied War Veterans Council, the organizing group in the city of Boston’s St. Patrick’s Day parade, released a statement regarding the rights of parade marchers. The group did not allow LGBT veterans to display their sexual orientation through the use of shirt or sign. In reaction, both Sam Adams and Heineken pulled their sponsorship.

“He did have one clipped in but not correctly. When I questioned him, he told me ‘I didn’t want to ruin my tan.’”

- Hampshire Police Sgt. Rob Heard describes a driver that was stopped for not wearing his seatbelt. Is not wearing a seatbelt to protect a tan like not washing your hair after a perm?

“We won’t allow the people to be devoured by YouTube, Facebook or others. Whatever step need to be taken we will take them without wavering.”

- Turkish Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogen spoke out in an interview with the ATV station. Erdogen is reacting to leaks of audio recordings on sites such as YouTube and Facebook suggesting corruption.

“This is nothing but a ridiculous jargon of those who cannot understand the advantageous election system of the DPRK as they are engrained with repugnance toward the Korean-style socialist system.”

- A North Korean foreign minister reacted to complaints of the election process in the nation. Kim Jong Un won his first parliamentary election with a landslide 100% vote.

The news in brief

“With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can’t wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.”

Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity

- The Drunchies Cycle: The insatiable hunger. The euphoria. The slumber. The crushing self-loathing that awakens with the dawn. The shitshow that is my digestive tract (literally！！！！) and, oh, the regret. Not today, skinny jeans. Don’t look at me like that.

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week’s issue to thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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with katjaritchie

With Love,
the Eds
people sick of revolutions in authoritarian countries by dustineagar

Reports indicate that citizens of first-world, democratized countries are sick and tired of hearing about popular uprisings toppling authoritarian regimes and of political unrest generally. Over the last several years, the evening news has been replete with images of cars ablaze and large groups of oppressed citizens occupying national capitols in the hopes that their demands for equality and democratization are heard. Armed forces of entrenched dictators have filled the D block and middle pages of the New York Times. Citizens of the developed world find themselves wondering whether there may be more important demands on their capacities for empathy.

“Seeing autocrats toppled in Egypt, Tunisia, Yemen, and Libya made me feel like there was hope for the political fortunes of oppressed citizens around the world,” reported a local man when interviewed for this story. As he went into a nuanced discussion of the geopolitical paradigm shift brought on by the Arab Spring revolutions, the ongoing civil war in Syria and firm international resolve to do nothing about use of chemical weapons against civilians there, sources confirmed that he appeared to be “sick and tired of hearing about this type of news segment comes on.”

Major protests in Algeria, Iran, Iraq, Morocco, and Bangladesh are a successful (on paper) sequel to referendum by South Sudan following decades of genocide there have added to the exacerbation. Cynical observers everywhere have placed such lofty expectations on peoples’ attention spans as to expect everybody to understand and anticipate the full weight of these events and their effects on the global political order. These expectations may have been unfair in light of muted public responses to major domestic issues like traditional American bravado may not be the answer to increasingly delicate foreign crises. Crimea is a perfect example of this. When hearst first got out about Russian intervention in the Ukraine, the first word on everyone’s lips was “sanctions.” It seems obvious that trade sanctions would be the most effective and peaceful way to discourage Russia, but the catch is that Europe relies on Russia for a large portion of their oil. The U.S. does not want to singularly oppose Russia with sanctions, and European nations would be taking a massive risk in provoking Russia with sanctions. In the end, it does not even look like any of this will get much traction, as much of Eastern Europe are open to Russian invasions. In Crimea is the latest escalation in the Ukrainian revolution and the ripples have gone across the globe.

In the United States, the obvious answer to any crisis is to blame Obama; thus, the Crimean crisis is no exception. No far-right republicans worry of their current political standing, because to them, exposing the truth of Russian Crimea is “weak and indecisive” and therefore “invites aggression” from foreign powers, and that recent protests in Venezuela have pushed tolerance for news of political upheaval to the breaking point. People were apparently okay with a massive wave of political upheaval spreading from country to country, so long as it was contained to North Africa and the Middle East. Now that such unrest is not neatly confined to an area on a map, people’s attention spans are being tested, leaving Venezuelans and Red Shirts in Thailand wondering if their plights are being discriminated against on the basis of race. Preliminary reports indicate that the movement of Russian troops onto the Crimean peninsula in Ukraine after violent clashes between government forces and opposition groups and the removal from office of President Yanukovych have given rise to a bill of secession from the Ukraine. Bottom line is that we cannot solve all of our problems by flexing. Though we do not like to admit it, the Ukraine is much more in the EU’s sphere of influence and although we should firmly support Ukrainian independence, it is the European nations that will be bearing the heaviest burden should conflict arise. Therefore it is not America’s place to lead the charge against Russia before our allies are even certain of what they want. ■

“these days, even the most outspoken of political activists change the channel when the world news segment comes on”

the expanded jurisdiction and authority of secret courts in the United States.

Sources confirm that recent protests in Venezuela and Thailand have pushed tolerance for news of political upheaval to the breaking point. People were apparently okay with a massive wave of political upheaval spreading from country to country, so long as it was contained to North Africa and the Middle East. Now that such unrest is not neatly confined to an area on a map, people’s attention spans are being tested, leaving Venezuelans and Red Shirts in Thailand wondering if their plights are being discriminated against on the basis of race. Preliminary reports indicate that the movement of Russian troops onto the Crimean peninsula in Ukraine after violent clashes between government forces and opposition groups and the removal from office of President Yanukovych have given rise to a bill of secession from the Ukraine. Bottom line is that we cannot solve all of our problems by flexing. Though we do not like to admit it, the Ukraine is much more in the EU’s sphere of influence and although we should firmly support Ukrainian independence, it is the European nations that will be bearing the heaviest burden should conflict arise. Therefore it is not America’s place to lead the charge against Russia before our allies are even certain of what they want. ■

OBAMA-DY - continued from pg 1

spike in traffic to healthcare.gov speak for themselves; people go nuts for this kind of thing, especially after Mark Zuckerberg rolled out his plan to put Facebook on Facebook. That said, Obama’s episode was pretty flat Pong 1.0 banter compared to Galifianakis attempting to molest Michael Cera; I’d liked to have seen Zach Galifianakis as "The Snugger" mode, hugging out Obama’s issues as the POTUS weeps, softly musing that America has no sense of humor. Of course, the fact that the appearance so obviously worked raises a whole set of pajamas of new questions, though. Is our President now so hemmed in that he is the only way to effectively communicate to a targeted audience, or was this just a creative, clever response to a particularly intractable situation? Is there any difference between a president appearing on American Bandstand and one turning up on Funny or Die? Or Letterman, for that matter? I don’t want to Glenn Beck anyone here, but we’ve all heard our grandparents talking about the diminishing substance of current politicians compared to the ones they had back in their day (my grandparents love that great spiel on Ben Chilley). Considering there are two and a half long years left of trying to make good on the promise of change, there’s a risk inherent in Obama hitting the meme button too often; that diminishing returns will set in faster than you can say “doge” for short-term lolz he’ll lose long term stature; how long until he jumps the meme-shark? For now, though, results speak for themselves, and any number of people are round at BTF would have to be better than another Hangover sequel. ■
around town.

welcome to the gun show: my experience with military fitness

by wesdunn

It is six in the morning. I’m at the pool, standing at the edge of the diving board. I’m blindfolded with a wet camouflage rag, and in my outstretched arms I’m holding a “rubber ducky.” At least that’s what the ROTC kids call it. If I had to define it, I’d probably go with “surprisingly heavy realistic looking fake rite.”

“You’re at the edge, good to go. Whenever you’re ready.” The cadet (is that what they’re called?) behind me helpfully informs me. Thinking of how much water I’m about to get in my nose, I hold by breath and step off the edge.

Welcome, friends, to military fitness—a 1 credit PEAC class that convenes at 6:30 on Wednesday mornings (sound early! The ROTC folks are finishing up by then. Seriously, what the fuck) to painfully chisel your worthless body into that of a glistening Greek god. Or something like that. The pool session I described was a very unique class as far as they go—it was actually a bit unlike one of the easier ones. We just had to do that weird diving board thing get out of a backpack underwater and swim to the surface, tread water for a bit, swim some more, and learn how to make turns into a flotation device. Most of the time, we just meet at the turf fields and do grueling workouts.

I’ve always considered myself relatively fit—I run in high school and still do so to this day. But I’d never really considered doing many sit ups, push-ups, or “planks” (where you get into a push-up position and instead of your hands, bend your arms and have your whole forearm on the ground. Don’t move, just hold it. It’ll seem like no sweat for like five seconds. Then it will seem like you’re being pulled apart by teams of horses). At military fitness, you do a lot of push-ups. Before the class, I couldn’t do more than 10 at a time, max. This week, to warm up, we stretched a little and then did a casual sixty.

The instructor is a multiple tour veteran who, you know, speaks softly. He doesn’t scream at you like the movies, he just says it with a somewhat dispassionate yet completely unchallengeable tone. Before you can really question why you might want to do so, he’ll have you doing push-ups not until you’re tired but until your arm muscles simply won’t contract like that another time. Pretty much every week I’ve experienced that now familiar feeling of having reached my absolute limit.

But here’s the thing: That limit keeps getting higher and higher. If you asked me to drop and give you twenty right now, I could actually do that with not too much difficulty. It’s like haggling with your body—if it starts by telling you it’ll only do like 2 or 5 or 10 push ups, you ask it to do 100 (with shuttle sprints interspersed throughout, why the fuck not. Maybe pick up a giant tire and flip it over while you’re at it). Gradually, you’ll find yourself able to do more and more, until halfway through the semester 40 push-ups is like, totally whatever.

I get that this is not exactly a great pitch for the benefits of taurin, but I mean, it’s not “fun” in any conventional sense of the word. But you only have to work as hard as you want to. He’s really clear about that—you’re here on your own volition, he won’t force you to do anything. But if you do what he suggests to the best of your ability, there’s no judging, and I’ve been really psyched with how I’ve improved in a pretty quick span of time. Technically we’re aiming to see if we can pass the military fitness test, a rather simple (read: straightforward, not easy) exam that measures something like your ability to do as many push ups as you can in two minutes, as many sit ups as you can in two minutes, and then run two miles in less than thirteen minutes. So far, I can only do one of those things. Guess which one. But there’s more to the class than that.

There’s a really great feeling in working at the same endeavor with a bunch of other people, and it’s a pretty supportive atmosphere. There’s also nothing like the sense of achievement and self-confidence you get from doing something like this. You go and grab your day, knowing that you have already made a substantial debt into your fitness karma bank. You get to watch the sun rise in the remarkably uncrowded market place and good ol’ GMC. It wasn’t until recently that I came to the conclusion that there must be more to it. We know they put laxatives in the food; they must be increasing at least 40%. But yeah, most importantly, you feel damn good about yourself. Not everyone doing this is a gym rat or anything like that. It’s mostly just a bunch of fitness plebeians working to improve. The class is really about challenging and improving yourself, and I think this really makes it one of the gem opportunities hidden here at UVMM.

the three darkest uvm secrets

by caito'hara

We all know that some pretty shady shit goes down behind the scenes here. Studies on student behavior, the (yet to be proven….) addition of laxatives to the foods. By now you’re thinking, I can’t quite tell you exactly what the whole thing was about, but I can tell you this: no one I spoke to later remembered a thing.

The induction Ceremony

So we didn’t get to do this my freshman year (thanks, Irene…), but as a curious individual, I snuck over to the ceremony this past fall. At first it seems like a happy-go-lucky, “Hey, welcome to UVMM!” sort of thing, but then you start digging deeper: memories returning of an eerie pulsing light, and nonsensical phrase engravings being etched into your skin. From the inside, it’s anything but ordinary.

The foyer is lit with hidden LEDs, tucked in hidden nooks and framing portraits of distinguished past members. At the end of the hall, you’ll find a set of stairs leading down, with the tinkling sounds of classical music wafting towards you. Down the stairs leads to a chamber, and that’s really the only word to describe it. I have no idea how they engineered that shit, but the ceiling is at least 10’ up, and in the center of the room was a table that you could fit at 27 course meal on. Which is exactly what it is used for.

See, when the SGA feels they have done a particularly spectacular job of being semi-involved in some decision (whether or not that’s true is up for debate still), they retreat to this chamber. There, they eat, drink, and be merry like it’s 1525. I’m talking elaborate meals straight out of Game of Thrones, all the best local beers (or juice for the youngsters, they have an image to maintain), and outfits that would be more fitting at a Renaissance fair. Guess we know what happens to the leftover funds…

The Coffee is Addictive

I know they tell you it’s Green Mountain coffee; I’m here to tell you that that’s a bullshit lie. Unlike many people, on average I don’t mind, and actually kind of like Green Mountain. The stuff I get on campus? No no, definitely not. Yet I diligently refill my thermos, almost every day I’m on campus. Sure, every now and again I’ll do Cyber Café or Henderson’s, but it’s usually the Marketplace and good ol’ GMC. It wasn’t until recently that I came to the conclusion that there must be more to it. We know they put laxatives in the food; they must be putting a mildly addictive substance in the coffee.

Why else would everyone so consistently purchase it, even if six days out of seven by the time you get half way through a cup it tastes like the tears of dying children? You could argue the convenience or the fact that it’s the most widely available coffee on campus, and you wouldn’t necessarily be wrong. But I know, just know, that there’s more to it than that.

I’m sure there’s more that I haven’t heard of, but nothing can stay hidden forever. I have a whole year left to discover all of the others, and I vow that it will happen! If you hear any whispers, please send them along.
It could be called a slight obsession or a case of stalking from a distance, but ever since I caught wind from Seven Days that an exclusively all-vegetarian restaurant was coming to Burlington I’ve had my heart set on Revolution Kitchen. Unfortunately, life gets busy and wallets get shallow, so despite my wishes I’d never set foot in the establishment. I’d like to dedicate this article to my roommate’s dad, for without you my dream would have never (well, probably not ever) been achieved and my appetite satiated. Really, bless all you parents for taking us college kids out for dinner on the town sometimes.

Upon entering the place, my admiration for Revolution Kitchen continued to blossom. An intimate proximity to the kitchen let me personally chat with the cook about what I should order. Friendly customers at the bar seating initiated friendly banter and taught me about all the various local drafts available on tap. The soft lighting and simple tables had my romantic heart swooning at the setting’s beauty. With plants decorating the room, a sweet candle on each table, and cute pro-vegetarian articles in the bathroom, Revolution Kitchen felt welcome and down to earth. We sat down fast and got service even faster which was much appreciated as it was 9pm on a Friday night and surely I felt I’d die of starvation very soon.

Hands down, this is the best food in terms of freshness and flavor I have had in Burlington in three years. Yeah, I said it—the BEST. I started with the nachos which weren’t your usual chain restaurant heaping of standard fixings; each nacho was a wonton pocket of guacamole goodness, crispy and brilliant. As an all-veg place, they know how to do beans—a quality I find absolutely vital. After sneaking a bit of my roommate’s arugula and squash salad, and a spare sushi roll, I anxiously anticipated the delicious meal yet to come.

I had the Revolution Tacos…gah. Again, I bring up the point of their amazing beans. Coupled with the kale, the mushrooms, the sweet potatoes, and THE GUAC, I seriously couldn’t handle the awesomeness colliding in my mouth. I’m a hot sauce fiend, and again the RevKitchen anticipated my need-for-heat with a local brand already on the table. There are only two issues I had with the dish that I had to navigate around: too small so ft taco shells paired with too excessive amount of filling. As a food appreciator, these obstacles weren’t a challenge but rather an opportunity to draw from my more barbarous side and show my company how unafraid I am to get down and dirty with my food. Unfortunately, I couldn’t finish it. I’m still ashamed of this fact as a Clean Plate Club member but don’t worry, guys, I still managed dessert (pscht…and you doubted me). A few spoonfuls of chocolate on chocolate cake and I sat back and reveled in the food pressure in my tummy.

So after months of reading reviews, endless suggesting to friends and family, and one meal later, I’m hooked on the Revolution Kitchen. The average for a night there is somewhere around the $20-$25 range, and I HIGHLY recommend it as a date spot that will leave your hottie impressed, satisfied, and happy. Revolution Kitchen radiates locavore love and, with great food that (finally!) lets the individual ingredients shine, you’ll surely have a meal that puts a smile on your face.

“hands down, this is the best food in terms of freshness and flavor I have had in Burlington in three years. yeah, I said it—the BEST.”

Jenna
Political Science ’14

The beauty of Summer U is that I can take a smaller class load during the regular school year and then take two or three classes during the summer, just as another semester, and still be on time for graduation. Summer U has allowed me to keep furthering my education, while being able to advance at work as well.”

“Registration is now open!”

uvm.edu/summer
in case you missed it: borderlands 2

by staceybrandt

Let me get this right out of the way: I am a filthy casual player. I know, computers are better, faster, and more customizable, but the old Xbox was functional and high definition. It was also budget and, more importantly, was not something I had to worry about. Unfortunately, I acquired my Xbox late in my life and now, because of UVi, general game play is grim and promising. The strength is the budget, but also the fact that I can play it on my laptop.

The story is about a fabled cache of loot within an ancient alien vault (I won’t spoil the story for you). Handsome Jack, the primary antagonist, a power-mad sociopath named Handsome Jack is introduced in the opening scene. He is intellectual garment that becomes the medium for much of the writing. Non-Playable Characters (NPCs) are given a life of their own in a way that is often notable in many aspects of the RPG genre.

The writing is often noteworthy in its minor details. The opening scene introduces us to the player with the statement: “I am sure that there are many people who disagree with what I am about to say:” and the scene continues with a detailed description of a woman in a tight, contour dress with her head as a lampshade. Her body language exudes confidence and self-assurance. Her eyelashes are long, lined eyes, and thick eyebrows. She is confident in her appearance and believes that a woman should be able to wear whatever she wants.

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highlight reel.

dare to zlatan

by zackpensak

Anyone who claims to be a European football fan should know at least one thing about the Swedish superstar Zlatan Ibrahimovic: he is the man, and he knows it. First, consider that he had the audacity to attempt a bicycle kick from over 30 yards out in an international friendly against England last November. Forget about the fact that he actually went in, it takes some low-hanging cojones to even think about that nonsensical goal. Next, do some quick research about what he thinks regarding the fact that he has never won the Ballon d’Or, the annual award given to the best footballer in the world. In an interview last fall, instead of admitting to being disappointed, he simply claimed that, “I don’t need the Ballon d’Or to know I’m the best. It matters more to some players.” In his mind, he does not have a point to prove. All that matters to Zlatan is what he thinks of himself. The man is extremely cocky and self-absorbed, there is no denying that, but instead of meriting disdain from fans, the opposite has occurred. Zlatan’s constantly ballooning ego is what makes him so great.

Of all the things that Zlatan has done to draw attention to himself, his current campaign may be the most outlandish, the most absurd, of them all. Nike recently began releasing t-shirts with the phrase “Dare to Zlatan” on them. To the average shopper, the wording of this shirt may be puzzling, the same as if there was a “Dare to Tom Brady” or “Dare to Derek Jeter” clothing line. How can you dare to be a first name? But this is where the tomfoolery begins. About a year and a half ago the Swedish government announced that “Zlatan” was to be officially recognized as a word in the Swedish dictionary, a verb meaning “to dare” or “to challenge.” That alone is bonkers. Americans joke about Balotelli declaring his head in a classic “You mad, bro?” gesture. It’s ridiculous and awesome, a pretty unbeatable commercial to exhibit the Power of Zlatan. But the third commercial tops the impressive list. He is standing blindfolded in a clay canyon with a metal ball at his feet. He lunges forward, dribbling the ball left and right, maneuvering his body to avoid over ten different strikes of lightning. The sky then suddenly clears up, Zlatan removes his blindfold, and yells his own name up at the heavens. It is over. There is nothing more to say. You have been Zlataned. Besides his off-field exploits, Zlatan is also not a half bad footballer. Last week he led his team Paris Saint-Germain to the quarterfinals of the UEFA Champions League with a dismantling of German side Bayer Leverkusen. In the 36 games he has played for PSG this season, he has scored 38 goals, 23 of which were in league play, giving him more goals than the second leading scorer in Ligue 1.

“The 36 games he has played for PSG this season he has scored 38 goals, 23 of which were in league play, giving him 9 more goals than the second leading scorer in Ligue 1.”

march madness preview

by mkestorace

Selection Sunday has come and gone, and you know what the means boys and girls! Time for the shit show randomness that is MARCH MADNESS. Look out for a lot of upsets this year, because there is quite the level playing field. More so than past tournaments, anyone can beat anyone, and this is sure to be a exciting and unpredictable show.

Warren Buffet, the CEO of Berkshire Hathaway and infamous billionaire, has upped the ante this year by leveling a $1 billion prize to anyone who picks a perfect bracket. Yes that’s right. $1 billion could be yours if you make the right selection for all 63 teams in the tournament. Of course Buffet can afford the prize. According to Forbes, he is the 4th richest billionaire in the world with an estimated net worth of nearly $60 billion. He can afford it.

Favorites

Louisville
The Cardinals won the tournament last year, and are looking quite strong. The senior Russ Smith and Coach Rick Pitino are looking to cement their team’s legacy.

Wichita State
The Shockers have managed to pull off the undefeated tournament. This is the first time a team has pulled this off in 10 years. Critics cite their weak-aw league as evidence against their superiority. However, they did make it to the Final Four last year and lost to the champions Louisville. Live by the three, die by the three.

Florida
This team has some really solid seniors, and can score from anywhere on the court. They’ve only lost two games on the season and are looking to make a deep run in the tournament.

Long Shots

University of North Carolina
You never know which UNC will show up. Will it be the team that knocked off Louisville, Kentucky, and Michigan State? Or will it be the team that lost to UAB, Belmont, and Miami? Either way, this team is capable of beating any team in the tournament.

Creighton
Doug McDermott is an actual champion, and his dad Greg is a great coach. Doug currently sits at fifth on the NCAA all-time scoring list, which is pretty damn impressive. He also recently cemented his roll as College Basketball’s Secret Weapon in a Sports Illustrated Magazine cover that paid tribute to Larry Bird.

Colorado
Love rooting for the Buffs. Their only quality win is against Kansas, but they have the firepower to get a win or two.
You were surprisingly nice about the whole situation. You were talking on the phone, but (without making any eye contact) suddenly stopped your conversation to talk to me. The warmth in your hand warmed mine as you introduced yourself to me, and I introduced myself to you. You asked if I had seen you on campus before. Knowing this was super awkward and you seemed a little wired on alcohol or drugs (I wasn't sure yet), I said, "No, I don't think so," although I'm pretty sure I had seen you before.

You thought I was beautiful. You also explained that it had been 8 weeks since you had been drunk (from my perspective, the whole situation became very clear).

You continued by questioning the Ben & Jerry's ice cream I carried and a fever explaining why I had it, you were confused as to why I wasn't eating it (were you aware of how cold it was outside?!)

Our conversation was coming to a close, and you said that if I ever saw you on campus I should tell you how much of an ass you were. You said it was a great pleasure to meet me, and you'd hope to see me again.

I can't say that I want you so bad especially because I'm in a relationship, but I think it'd be cool to meet you again; preferably when you're not drunk. But let's be honest, do you even remember any of that night?!

When: Super late Friday night or super early Saturday morning
Where: Outside L/L
I saw: A vaguely familiar face
I am: Waiting to see you and then laugh to myself
Phantogram, otherwise known as “the band whose one popular song keeps popping up on your Naked and Famous Pandora station,” has an unfortunate tendency, like Gorillaz, to produce one-hit wonders on otherwise thoroughly unremarkable albums. Their single “When I’m Small” on album Eyelid Movies was a big hit, particularly after being featured in an episode of MTV’s Skins and several commercials. The album as a whole, though, was nothing particularly special: a well-composed, decently attempted freshman attempt that, while certainly impressive for an indie-pop startup’s first album, didn’t quite pull off the magic to make the waves it was capable of or produce a vibe as catchy as contemporaries with similar sounds (Passion Pit, Naked and Famous, etc.).

By the last few months of 2013 however, duo Josh Carter and Sarah Barthel began releasing a few select songs from their new album Voices, and the difference in sound was immediately recognizable. Singles like “Black Out Days” and “Never Going Home” managed to forge a vibe distinct from the relative homogeneity of their first LPs. Raucous, dissonant, and with a hollow echo reminiscent of a performance in an empty concert hall, these tunes managed to defy the conventions of the styles that inspired them, while also paying a kind of respect to tropes. By the time 2014 rolled in and the album formally dropped, it was clear that their sophomore effort would succeed where their earlier work had come up short. After getting a chance to listen all the way through a few times, I can confidently say that Phantogram has produced an album that properly showcases both their voice and talent.

Starting with the pitchy wailing of a guitar interrupted by static, “Nothing But Trouble” sets the mood of the rest of the experience. Dark and heavy on an echoing synth, Barthel’s voice nevertheless carries the music along, stringing together disparate ostinatos and a growing pulse that injects even more dissonance as it fades in and out of the bass. “Black Out Days” and “Fall In Love” both preserve this full sound, each employing a kind of chant-like instrumental sampling to back Barthel’s ethereal lead. Throughout, the poppy 80s synth grows in strength until it takes the reigns in “Never Going Home,” which manages to slow the tempo to a slow dance, though the synth doesn’t let up, reinforcing a beat that sounds more like something from the Chromantics than a pop band. We hear Carter’s voice in the lead for the first time in a performance undeniably invoking Phil Collins’s moodier work.

“The Day You Died,” “Howling At The Moon,” and “Bad Dreams” put Barthel back in the lead, and the three bleed together into a strangely intoxicating trip that never fails to reassert the album’s eerie dissonance. Bill Murray pulls us up out of this hypnotism into a chilled return to the full synth sound; it sounds like a hip hop inspired homage to ambient producers like Dead Horse Beats. After giving us another dance inspired piece in the form of “Celebrating Nothing,” the album returns contemplatively to bizarre echo-y darkness with “My Only Friend;” wherein Barthel croons to the listener in a way that settles somewhere between little girl in a horror movie and genuinely sweet confession.

With such a strong showing, there is no doubt that Phantogram has even more to show us. Voices is a shot across the bow of those who would have dismissed them as an underdeveloped talent without proof of mettle and one of the best albums released so far in 2014.
realizing i am not the center of the universe
upon discovering the front page of the boston globe
from the day of my birth: december 2, 1993.

by staceybrandt

It sticks out of my baby book like a bookmark, a few pages of black and white print, folded and creased. For once, I decide to open it.

Strangely, nowhere among the justified print do I see the six, most important letters which, when spelled in glitter-glue or purple marker, all capitals or unsteady cursive, pass right through my eyes and into my chest because they are my name.

Strangely, nowhere above the captions do I regard my adorable infant face, big blue eyes or my enormous smile. Rather, the face of a strange man staring out of the black and white, dead-shfished eyes, below the emboldened headline: RAPIST HAS BEEN CAPTURED.

Who is RAPIST?

I cannot even read enough to know, which makes me feel even smaller than that one night my dad forgot to pick me up from afterschool and I was the last kid, the leftover, forgotten as the day blinks and night arrives in early winter even smaller than when big, loud planes fly over the house with terrific grumbles and screaming sound shaking me back into flesh, warning me I am reducible.

I fold the paper and re-crease it. No one is around which I find odd because I am seven.

Years later, I will reopen the pages and I will see many more names and pictures. I will believe at age seven, I wouldn’t have known the word “Obituary” meant more than the people were old, but that they were in the ground.

‘one week’ by the barenaked ladies

by alexgriffin

the week I thought that you were going to kiss me again I’m sorry I got real enthused and couldn’t sleep and crashed my bike there was some codeine in my room that I thought I should get rid of all at once the honorable way (hara-kiri with a glass of water) seeing as I was maybe entering a new phase in my life where I’d have fewer reasons to just rail stuff and pass out why not one for the road, right-waking up eighteen hours later feeling like blood dripping from the ceiling and remembering the bike gash on my forehead the rash I had got worse (I was anxious about you seeing it and had rehearsed out the conversation where I explained that it wasn’t infectious: ‘it’s stress-related, ha ha, I’d grin, as my hands moved in a diversion play) and I hadn’t finished some presentation that I scrambled to .ppt but the professor was in Albany for some fucking adult paintball competition and I forgot my sister’s birthday and didn’t get paid but I wanted to have money for hanging out with you (“8pm sat. rite k’) so I lived off a bad packet of eggs and worse ramen and vomiting that up I felt like a male seahorse giving birth which I thought would be funny to tell you about but like at what point do you start telling people about what your life is really like but now that I know you’re not going to kiss me again none of these things are really problems anymore.
the water tower is proud to present the new comic, *a tiny horse*, by leonard bartenstein.

How much the average UVMer loves snow

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**Tip o’ the Week**

There has been a severe lack of snow angels this year so if someone could pick up the slack, that would be great.

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**burlington’s secret election**

As you may or may not know, every year Burlington has its city elections during UVM’s Spring Break so as to prevent students voting and gumming up the democratic process with their drunken revelry. Since we are dedicated to the truth and only serve up the finest journalism, we present you with the highlights of the voting results.

- Burlington has been redistricted to better represent the population. There used to be 7 wards but since some areas grow faster, redistricting is necessary to allow equal voter representation.

- There were many propositions dealing with gun laws this year, so they are listed for convenience:
  - You can no longer bring a gun into an establishment with a liquor license (so much for my late night drunken gun games in Pearl Street Bev, I will miss you).
  - Firearms can be seized from persons deemed to be the aggressor in domestic abuse cases.
  - When your registered firearm is not on your person it must be safely locked away.
  - Before you shoot someone you must ask them where they would like to be shot.
  - You can either own bullets or a gun, not both.

- The waterfront will be renovated including but not limited to improvements to the sailing center, marina, amusement park with a rollercoaster, monorail from The Skinny Pancake to North Beach, and a hot chocolate fountain throughout the winter months.

- The overall city tax rate went up by 5000% or 2.97%, I honestly cannot remember.

- The public school budget passed.

- The “Mandatory Marijuana” proposition was shot down. This proposition would have required a person, under penalty of law, to get high if they needed to “chill the fuck out”.

- Another proposition that was voted against was the movement to make CCTA buses into mountain shuttles during times of extreme pow-pow (that’s powder for all you non-shredders).